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UNDER THE ARTISTIC CHARGE OF... JOS. KEPPIER
BUSINESS MANAGER..... A. SCHWARZMANN
EDITOR..... H. C. BUNNER

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IN PREPARATION:

PUCK ON WHEELS

For the Summer of 1882.

DECORATION DAY.

1882.

The column came, a meagre show,
Of old and feeble men,
And we cheered as we cheered in the years ago,
For the ranks were broader then.

We cheered as we watched the chariots
Come down the paved slope,
With gaudy flowers in flower-pots
And "ads" for Simpson's soap.

For there marched with the living, behind,
before,
The soldiers of death's release;
And as once we cheered for the Men of War,
We cheered for the Men of Peace.

And watched the pageant move down the pave,
And off o'er distant hills,
With flowers to lay on the soldier's grave
And "ads" of liver pills.

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

THE Circus is full; the crowd, patrician and plebeian, is all agape; there are already dull red stains on the sand, the most of them in front of the Emperor's seat, and two men are struggling yet in the arena—a barbarian boy, with black eyes and a shock of dark hair, fighting with a helmeted gladiator of great renown. The Emperor stares, with a faint glimmer of hungry interest lighting up his lack-lustre eyes, dimmed with gazing on the up-heaped lusts and sins of his imperial court. In the gallery near him sit his—wives, their veils half dropped, showing the faces that an Emperor loves while they watch the sport that an Emperor approves.

* * *

The boy is down. There is a wild, quick, impulsive howl, that rises and falls around the great ring like the sudden cry of a bird of prey. The boy is down. The gladiator's foot is on his neck. "Why is it?" says Lesbia; she is the latest of the Emperor's—wives, to Lydia, who her senior among the—wives. "Why is it? Why should the boy be killed? I have no heart for this fighting." Nor has she, this little Lesbia, as she looks at the young savage under the gladiator's sandal, and thinks of that dark-

eyed Transpontine lad who ran in the races last year, before the great Emperor saw the freedman's daughter that she was fair, and made her his—wife. "You are a child," Lydia makes answer: "this is for the good of our country and the sport of our people. It is these combats that show our warriors what things may be done by strength and bravery. It is all in the name of the public good. Has not the Emperor said it? Will you set yourself against the word that he has spoken?" The gladiator stretches out his sword toward the gallery of the—wives. Well they know the meaning of the gesture; well they know how to answer it. *Police verso! Police verso!* Out flash the white arms, and the thumbs are turned down, and our Lesbia's little white thumb among the rest. *Police verso!* And, the thumb being turned down, the barbarian boy dies, with a dented short-sword cutting the soft brown skin of his neck.

* * *

Horrible, is it, you good women, who are wives in all honor, and whose husbands are proud of your tender hearts? Horrible! But when your husbands read to you, at the breakfast-table, that another Arctic Expedition is fitting out for Death and the North Pole, telling you that it is all for the sake of Science—ah! *police verso*—down goes every pretty thumb, and you check the cry of horror that rises from your hearts. Yet under what a thin veil of pretence does this sport of the nineteenth century hide its cruelty! All this sacrifice of human life and love—all this physical torture of men and this mental agony of bereaved women—all this, we are told, is in the name of Science! In the name of what Science? Ask the blind idiot who casts this conventionality at you. He can not answer.

* * *

Not, certainly, in the name of that Science for which Darwin lived, for which Huxley and Tyndall labor. What has Science gained thus far? A little utterly worthless information about the habits of the walrus and the seal and the polar bear; about the various species of lichens; about the height of glaciers and the depths of channels and the deviation of the magnet in regions where ordinary travel will never be possible. We know that there is no desirable North-West passage to Europe. We know that there is a spot on this earth which may be called the North Pole; and it is of no earthly interest to us whether that spot is a rock, or a piece of ice, or the centre of an open sea. The men who have given up their lives in the Northern oceans have not been—with a few exceptions, scientists. Some of them have been fool-hardy adventurers or monomaniacs. Most have been poor devils who had to take the risks to get bread for their families; or still more unlucky wretches who had to take their choice between going to the arctic regions and going to prison as deserters from government ships. And when it comes to sending men to their deaths simply to advertise a newspaper, it is about time that this traffic in human flesh was stopped—in the name of Science. Science means knowledge, and it needs no great knowledge to distinguish between scientific devotion and the morbid appetite of the people who read and make "sensation" papers.

* * *

The tripartite alliance between Messrs. Cornell, Belden and Kelly does not at present present a very healthy appearance. There is no special reason why it should, because the basis on which it was made cannot be defended by any principle of political morality, if there is any connection between morality and politics. And yet, perhaps, this corrupt combination was the only scheme that promised to help Mr. Kelly out of his chronic difficulty. That difficulty is

deadness. We do not mean to say that Tammany Hall does not exist, and that Mr. John Kelly is not its boss; but, nevertheless, it is in some respects practically dead.

* * *

It is powerless to do any good, to shape desirable legislation, or to exercise a beneficial influence on the community. It expired, after a desperate fight for life, in 1880. But the corpse has not rotted. It was carefully embalmed and deposited in a handsome casket, and attired in its most picturesque Indian garments. Tammany men have not forgotten the existence of this sacred corpse of theirs. They have talked over it, shouted over it, speechified over it, wept over it very much as if it were alive, and Mr. John Kelly has perhaps shown more activity than ever since the timely demise of his disreputable charge.

* * *

Pinanorically speaking, "things are seldom what they seem," and the apparent liveliness of Tammany is calculated to deceive many people. But on examination we find it to be nothing more than the result of Mr. John Kelly's scientific ingenuity. Having discovered the chemical properties of the cry of anti-monopoly, he has, with the willing help of virtuous and noble Governor Cornell and the Republican party and machine apparatus, constructed a galvanic battery. So long as he turns the crank, the Tammany corpse will be lively enough; but when that stops, the circuit will cease and it will be deader than ever. This, then, is the position of Mr. John Kelly and his Tammany.

* * *

There are quite enough absurdities in British institutions, from the Royal Family downward, that we may as well spare our English cousins from any ridicule in their methods of detecting crime. Our back-page cartoon must therefore be considered as much a reflection on ourselves as it is on them. The position of detective has not been brought to a fine point either in England or America. It is one that requires fewer superior qualities than almost any other. A halo of romance and mystery is thrown round the business in novels and plays, aided by Lives of Vidocq and Gaboriau's ingenious stories; but in reality it is no more difficult than car-driving or boot-blacking.

* * *

Almost anybody can be a detective. Evidence of a man's unfitness for the position ought to be sufficient to entitle him to admission in an asylum for idiots. The great feature in the business is to look wise and knowing. Then one must say as little as possible, and somebody must be arrested whether he committed the crime or not. Special astuteness may be shown by asking a question now and then; but it is fatal to the detection of a crime to ask one of anybody who is likely to know anything about the matter. The inability of the British detectives, so far, to detect the murderers of Cavendish and Burke proves the correctness of our views.

* * *

All the best blockheads have been on the track for weeks with results such as we might have anticipated. Beer has been drunk, whisky has been guzzled, pipes have been smoked and a large majority of the people of Ireland been arrested; but the assassins are still at large. It looks very much as if the atrocious crime was to take its place among some of our own American choice mysteries, such as the Nathan murder, the Charley Ross affair and the Stewart's body-snatching. We believe firmly in the soaring capabilities of the American eagle, but the American eagle's detectives are no better than those of the British lion.

PUCK'S POPULAR TRACTS.

VI.

THE YOUNG MAN WITH A FLUTE, AND THE IMMEDIATE CAUSE OF HIS DEMISE.

AN INSTANCE OF INIQUITY.

Yes, dear young friends, we want you to step right up to the counter and take in another of those little tales of sin and retribution which we make a specialty of supplying to a yearning world. This particular tale is a daisy little tale, with an extra supply of moral to it, and it will come right home to every man who has ever lived in the same block with a fellow-mortals upon whom the divine gift of genius had descended.

We are going to lift up our B-flat cornet and warble forth the narrative of the young man with a flute. He lived in a quiet, domestic sort of neighborhood, and he was not appreciated. In fact, the people who lived near him used to treat him with scorn and contempt, sometimes silent, but oftener of the variety that expresses itself in the way of bricks, boot-jacks and other convenient impromptu missiles.

There were times when you would have thought that that young man was a cat, from the meteoric showers that invaded his apartment. He had amassed quite a collection of boot-jacks, and he had more hair-brushes than he could have used had he been the hairy man in a Bowery Museum.

But these delicate attentions were of no avail. Perhaps he rightly interpreted their drift; peradventure he did not. At any rate, he kept right on playing, and he worried the chromatic scale in a way that was not only peculiarly exasperating to the sick persons and young children in the vicinity; but that made strong men weep, when they had exhausted all the profanity they had about them. When the argent-disked moon climbed the cerulean altitudes of the night, that young man's flute might be heard, pouring its melody into the ambient atmosphere, just as though he owned the earth, instead of being merely the lessee of a third story back hall-bedroom in a pemmican boarding-house.

But we are endeavoring to impress upon your minds that vengeance swoops down on sin just as an old maid at a church fair swoops down on the man who comes in to see his best girl, who is running the flower-counter. When the futility of appealing to that young man's finer sentiments by means of boot-jacks or fragments of anthracite was clearly seen, the neighbors held a mass-meeting, and discussed ways and means of abating the nuisance. There was a beautiful unanimity at the meeting, and an amateur vigilance committee was formed at once.

The next night that young man found upon his bureau the score of Wagner's Bayreuth Trilogy, arranged for the flute. Being of an innocent and trusting disposition, he at once fell into the trap, and began to practise.

It was on a sforzando passage, where the tubas had a free fight with the trombones, in the orchestral score, that he succumbed, and they took him out and buried him in the beautiful gray down, when the fleecy mists kissed the trailing arbutus and made rubbers necessary.

This shows, dear young friends, that even Wagner has his uses.



THE GREEN DERBY.

OUR PROFESSIONAL POET'S ODE TO THE MODE.

O tile that shame'st the verdant sod,
To sing thy praise my Muse I prod!
Thou art more lovely than the veil
That Spring throws over hill and dale;
Thou art more fair than tints that be
Deep in the bosom of the sea.
Shall Erin's tears now longer flow?
Her color is the total go.
Oh, let me call this thing a peen,
To celebrate the Derby green!

Strange fashion! Time has not betrayed
Whether thou wilt or wilt not fade;
But now that children, free from guile,
Pray me to fusillade my tile,
'Tis borne upon the poet-soul
That inspiration's aureole,
Though purely precious and most fair,
Is not the thing for "gents' Spring wear."
Wherefore I raise this fiver pean
To celebrate the Derby green!

V. H. D., P. P.

Puckeyings.

THE LATE MOSES TAYLOR died just in time to avoid the humiliation of being a member of the Union Club any longer.

IT IS SAID that there are thirteen physicianesses in Clayton, Iowa. The bulk of their practise is in treating each other for scratches and hair-pin swallowing.

MAYOR GRACE ought to appoint the Aldermen as dog-catchers. The members of the Board would at least be useful to the community for once in their lives.

WE BEG LEAVE to call the attention of Messrs. Loubat and Turnbull, of the late Union Club, that the free public baths will be open to-morrow for cleansing purposes.

IT IS STATED that Roscoe Conkling is getting his top-knot in trim for seaside mashing, and that he would summer at Newport if Rhode Island air only agreed with him.

SHOTOVER WON the Derby; but we're ahead of Shotover, as we made a bet of a *silk* hat—and won it, too—that the comet wasn't in training, and hadn't the pluck to strike the earth.

THERE ARE WARRANTS out for the arrest of Perth Amboy custom officers for swindling the government. Let us see, Mr. George M. Robeson is not a Perth Amboy custom officer.

THE CZAR has had his coronation postponed for a year in deference to the Nihilists; but we have not yet heard that the Nihilists will postpone their dynamite explosion out of deference to the Czar.

THE SUN COMPLAINS of absenteeism in Congress, and states that on the vote in the South Carolina contested election case more than one-third of the Members were absent. We grumble only because the other two-thirds are in Washington at all.

"THE HUMAN EYE, in its completeness and beauty, we have assigned the highest position in creation," says the *Troy Times*. But we don't think the writer got off this paragraph immediately after witnessing the fight between Messrs. Ryan and Sullivan, and inspecting these gentlemen's optics.

"THE JUDICIAL methods and attitude of Mr. Justice Westbrook have aggravated and intensified the waste attendant upon the management of the trusts." This is simply an extract from the report of the Assembly Committee of Inquiry into insurance receiverships, and we do not think it would be a difficult exercise to condense the whole extract and report into two or three little expressive words.

A MEMBER OF CONGRESS from New Jersey remarked, on one occasion, to the Chairman of the Republican caucus, while in company with Speaker Keifer's employer, who was carrying on a conversation with the second on Committee on Appropriations and Chairman of Sub-Committee on Naval Appropriations, just as he had finished addressing the second on Committee of Naval Affairs and actual Chairman, who was laying down the law to the Chairman of Committee on Expenditures in the Navy Department, who had been conferring with the Leader of the House of Representatives, and consulting with the Chairman of the "Steering Committee" as to the order in which business should be taken up: "I am George M. Robeson, the honest man!"

SHE SARCASMS.

BLOOMFIELD, N. J.,
May 29th, 1882.

Dear Mister PUCK:

I think you are just too sweet for anything in your little silk hat and coat-tails, and your paper is so nice! I should feel dreadfully if you should die, for I do love your beautiful pictures.

And what you say about Woman Suffrage is so touching! Do talk that way some more, won't you? How do you find out just what the people want to hear all the time? How do you manage not to get ahead of them nor behind them, but just make the kind of pictures they like all the time?—that is, the majority; of course, you couldn't please them all—not quite all. Now, for instance, the "long-haired cranks," such as Wendell Phillips and James B. Weaver and Senator Hoar, won't be pleased with what you say about Woman Suffrage. But we think it's just splendid, and most all the people do so; it's no matter what the cranks think. Only, Mister PUCK, did you ever notice cranks have a way of turning and turning till first you know they've turned a majority of the people on to their side?

There was the abolition crank—the crankiest kind of a crank when he first started out, and he kept turning and turning just as cranks do, till finally he turned the slaves all into voters—that is, all the men slaves.

And there's no telling what may turn out of this Woman Suffrage crank. But of course you'll look out quick enough for any changes, and be sure to be on the side of the most people when the crank gives his fast turn, because if you shouldn't, dear Mister PUCK, you wouldn't be popular, and then you'd have to give up business and I should feel so bad.

How good and true of you to say: "The true women of America are not to be found among the rabble who interest themselves in what they term 'the cause.'" You know every one of "the rabble," don't you? and you know they are not good and true women.

I'm real sorry you have to be acquainted with such women; but of course you do, else you wouldn't know what to write about them. Do take care of yourself, dear good Mister PUCK, and not let them hurt you when you go among them. They must be dreadful dangerous to such a sweet little innocent as you are.

And now, Mister PUCK, I've kept talking and talking around because I have something to say that I'm afraid you'll be displeased with, and I wouldn't displease you for all the world.

But I do want to ask you, if all you say about Woman Suffrage is true: if it isn't just the least little bit of a mite inconsistent to picture out a new political party like a woman?

Now please don't be displeased, for I only ask for information.

Probably it's all right, of course; or else you wouldn't have it done.

It always has seemed strange that women who don't have any liberty at all should always personate Liberty, and when they have no sense of justice they should personate Justice, and when they shouldn't have anything to do with politics a woman is chosen to represent a party.

THE AMERICAN FLAG.



AS IT SHOULD BE.



AS IT IS.

ÆSTHETIC.

CAT-TAILS must be confined to barns and swamps. Pigs may be placed conspicuously in front.

STORKS are now beating a retreat, and will be permitted in the poultry-yard only, and there merely as ornaments.

THE "last sweet thing" in landscape gardening is a hedge of peacock feathers in front, supported by sunflowers at the side.

KITCHEN TOWELS should be hung over chairs and tables in the parlor; the effect is artistic, and prevents servants from wearing them out.

MANY young men wear hats decorated with delirium trimmings; others confine themselves to a simpler style—a mere interior of bricks.

TALL, old-fashioned clocks will be worn as chatelaines attached to a leather belt made of one small alligator. Horses now hang their old shoes in the front hall.

BRASS is still in vogue, and is much affected by many young people. It is worn by young ladies, from the edge of the bang to the tip of the nose, as a substitute for the old-fashioned veil. When worn by young men, it often extends as far as the standing collar. Brass scarfs and mantillas are made of fenders with a trimming of fringe—very heavy—composed of brass candlesticks interspersed with andirons and warming-pans.

SMALL VEHICLES are popular, especially with young men, though this fashion should not be carried to extremes. For instance: A young man once asked a young lady which of his nineteen vehicles she would prefer for an evening drive. She replied: "Anything that was small and cosy and fast." Evening came; she sat dreamily awaiting the impatient steeds and dashing driver, when a bicycle paused at the door. It was her lover, who gallantly lifted his polo hat. "Will you ride in the front seat with me, or—" "Base, perfidious monster! Not even a rumble! We are not yet one! Nor ever will I be!"

NO BIRDS IN LAST YEAR'S NESTS.

FOR DECORATION DAY.

Abel's blood from crimsoned sod
Called for vengeance up to God;
The old law held this stern truth—
"Eye for eye and tooth for tooth."
But the Christian's milder plan
Pities erring fellow-man,
And, o'er fields with battle red,
Thinks the best things of the dead.
Can hard thoughts linger in dead, cold breasts?
There are no birds in last year's nests.

Every day, these weary years,
I have brought at least my tears,
And on one, when waning moon
Melts the May-time into June,
Tears and flowers, to shed above
One who died for country's love,
Knowing not how warm was mine
As I wept him into line—
The long, dark line with its tossing crests
Of birds bound southward from last year's nests.

Just a single, bitter word
That he never should have heard;
Just an arching scornful brow,
Just a formal parting bow;
So he parted; parting, sighed:
Fought, and, ere the victory, died,
Knowing nothing of my tears
Or the self-reproach of years—
The pain of a heart in its weary quest
For birds that have flown from a last year's nest.

So my only solace now
Is to wreath his buried brow,
And I freely carry forth
Flowers for South as well as North.
Each alike, the gray and blue
Left friends, mayhap lovers, too,
Though they now are far removed
From the home so well beloved,
And the hearth is cold where they used to rest—
Alas, how empty each last year's nest.

G. H. JESSOP.

THE REFORMED PIRATE.

I am thinking now, in my silent room,
Of the time when I was a pirate bold,
When I swept the ocean as with a broom,
When I plowed the billows in quest of gold.
'Twas a clipper schooner I skippered then,
She was long and low, and as black as night;
Our rakish craft that we called "Black Ben,"
For her skipper bold, who was old Ben Wright—

Not so very old when I sailed the sea,
For it's thirty years since I trod a deck—
Not the half of that does it seem to me
Since I drove "Black Ben" on the beach a wreck!
Yes, I'm carried back on the wings of thought
To the days when I was a corsair bold—
But reformed am I, and for years have wrought,
With the Wall Street crew, for the yellow gold!

'Twas an able craft and a gallant crew
I commanded, sir, in the years agone;
And the "India-man," when she came to view,
Never reached her port, for her voyage was done.
We would send "Black Ben" for the freighter large—
As the tub was slow, so the race was short—
And would run her down as we would a barge,
And no mercy show if the captain fought!

If he did, all hands that were left alive—
Every mother's son from the skipper down—
Walked the plank as fast as our boys could drive—
'Tis an easy death, it is said, to drown!
Then we robbed the ship of her silks and gold,
And we fired the craft after scuttling her—
That was when, sir, I was a corsair bold,
But reformed am I, as you may infer!

If the skipper wisely his ship gave up,
And, to show his manners, a line would throw,
We allowed him, after a stirrup-cup,
To his boats to take, with his crew, and go.
Then the loot commenced—and most jollily
Would we strip the ship of her richest freight;
Aye, the lads went in for a jolly spree—
When I fired the ship it would terminate!

Ah, the gold and treasures that I have won
On the rolling deep in the years gone by;
And the souls I've sent to the shades, my son,
Would a number make that would pass for high!
And the revels wild in our rendezvous,
They would put to shame all your orgies slow;
But reformed am I, and this talk with you
Is of things that happened long years ago!

Yes, the business grew to be dangerous,
And the time had come for reform, sir, when
A fast English cutter—the "Erebus"—
Got the weather gage, and I beached "Black Ben."
No, I'm nothing sorry for my reform,
For the life in Wall Street is stirring, quite—
It is something like, when the hordes all swarm,
To a pirate's life, where the law is might!

Take it all in all, it's about the same;
Though we shed no blood and we take no life,
Yet we *ruin* lives in the Wall Street game—
Might as well cut throats with a gleaming knife!
Yes, it's more respectable, I suppose,
But the odds to me, sir, is not so plain,
'Twixt one's sinking friends in a sea of woes,
And one's scuttling ships on the raging main!

ROYAL HALLIARD.

THE STREETS OF NEW YORK.—NO. XI.



OUR ARTIST HAVING GONE UP TO GET A FEW SKETCHES OF THE PICTURESQUE PORTION OF SHANTYTOWN, THE INHABITANTS TAKE HIM FOR A SORT OF CAMERA, AND POSE ACCORDINGLY.

SELLING OFF!!!
Marking Them Down!
AN ENORMOUS REDUCTION.
NOW'S YOUR TIME!
DON'T LOSE THIS CHANCE.

The dullness of the stock market has had a very remarkable effect on our principal operators and holders, who have, as the subjoined advertisement shows, determined to realize on their stocks at low rates and retire from the trade.

Messrs. Gould, Vanderbilt, Field, Sage & Co. beg leave to announce that they have resolved to retire from the Wall Street business, and now offer their stock at extraordinarily low figures. They are ready to admit that the announcement of the retirement of Messrs. A. T. Stewart & Co. from business has induced them to adopt this course.

They now offer a very choice line of

LAKE SHORE

At the extraordinarily low price of

80.

DENVER AND RIO GRANDE—

The genuine article—they are prepared to sell at

45 Dollars a Share.

MISSOURI, KANSAS AND TEXAS, at

20,

Which is more than thirty per cent below market price.

A fine lot of

MISSOURI PACIFIC, at

75,

Much less than they are worth.

NEW YORK CENTRAL.

These very desirable goods are offered, C. O. D., at

95.

A well-assorted line of best quality of COMMON NORTHERN PACIFIC have been marked down to

25.

A few of the Preferred article, same brand, at

45,

Worth 79.

Several thousands of WABASH COMMON will be sold in lots to suit purchasers at the ridiculously low price of

\$15 per Share.

The better quality, Preferred, at

\$26,

Worth 52.

METROPOLITAN "L" at

30,

Worth 86.

There has been a strong desire on the part of the public and the smaller capitalists to possess a little WESTERN UNION for use as well as for ornament; and the opportunity is now afforded them, for the commodity will be furnished by this firm at the ruinously low price of

\$60 per Share.

No family ought to be without it, placed as it is within the reach of everybody.

Full lines of ERIES, READINGS, TEXAS-PACIFICS, NORTHWESTERS, HANNIBAL AND ST. JOS., UNION PACIFICS—all guaranteed free from

water and other adulterations—at fifty per cent under cost.

Favorable arrangements can be made by the firm, with competent judges to look after the interests of buyers in the event of their purchases leading to litigation.

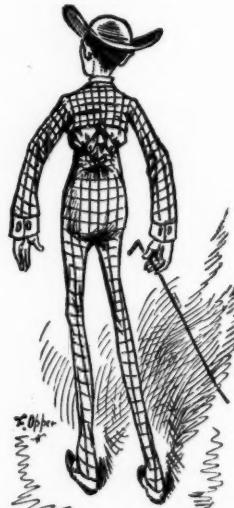
A SHAKSPEARIAN SONNET.

[Ex-Governor Noyes, L. B. Simpkinson and J. M. Jones are in New York, arranging for theatrical talent to take part in a proposed Shakspelian Festival to be held at Cincinnati.—*Daily Paper*.]

What needs our Shakspere for his honored bones,
 The plaudits of Noyes, Simpkinson and Jones?
 Or that his fame eternal should be made
 A subject for absurd rodomontade?
 Dear son of memory! great heir of fame!
 Why should such pygmies trifle with thy name?
 Well may we wonder at attempt like this
 To sound thy praises in Porkopolis!
 While, to the shame of the Dramatic Art,
 Thy plays of our stage banquet make small part.
 Methinks 'twere well, blushing, to bring to book
 "Honors" so empty, though so big they look!
 Meanwhile do thou in quiet Stratford lie,
 Heedless of all this buzzing of small fry!

RETTOPI.

STOP IT!



Probable Appearance of the Fashionable Coat Soon, at its Present Rate of Curtailment.

AT PARTING.

They stood on the front stoop looking at the stars.

He pressed his lips to hers and said:
 "Good night, Birdie!"

But she replied not.
 "I'll be around to-morrow night," he said, softly.

Still she uttered not a word.

"Why this unseemly arctic racket? Have I not sworn to protect you from the rigors of cheap boarding-houses, and to look over your innocent girl-life as fondly as the urchin looks over an orchard fence to see if the dog's on guard to?"

"There, that's all right now, George."

"What's all right?"

"Why, the caramels. I had six of them wedged between my teeth and couldn't open my mouth."

And George left, believing it would be policy for married men to purchase caramels once in a while.

CURRENT COMMENTS.

A FELLOW DE SEE—Bunnell's giant.

IF DRESS makes the monk, then the want of it, naturally, makes the monkey, of course.

NO FATE is too cruel for the man who wears a cheap silver watch on an expensive gold chain.

IT IS RUMORED that the United States Navy will be reviewed on the Central Park Lake in July.

YANKEE INGENUITY "passes" for once. An English chemist now advertises "Artificial Human Milk."

WINNIPEG HAS ADVANCED still another peg in true Western civilization. It has just organized a Vigilance Committee.

OLD BASS, the English brewer, has just refused a baronetcy. Bass is not aleing for that sort of empty honor, evidently.

"WHO SHALL DECIDE when doctors disagree?" We don't know who should, but we know that the undertaker generally does.

IF DAVID DUDLEY FIELD's patent Blasphemy Act passes both Houses, and is not vetoed, how will editors and canal-boat captains earn sufficient money to pay their fines and live?

IT IS STATED that a Chicago young lady has ruined her feet by wearing shoes a size too large for her. Now the question which naturally arises is, where did she get the shoes?

AS A MATTER of law, the survivors of railroad accidents can recover. Their recovery may be safe enough as a matter of law, but we wish it were equally sure as a matter of fact.

EDITOR LABOUCHERE defies anybody to intoxicate himself on German beer. It is to be inferred that Editor Labouchère's beer capacity is *not*, like so many other English institutions, "limited."

A CLERK WHOSE business it was to open the letters of a large commission house down-town, recently applied for the position of clam-opener at a Coney Island hotel. The hotel man rejected him on the strength of the fact that clams are never used in Coney Island chowder.

THE HUMBLE BEE
 Across the mead
 Is merrily a-skipping;
 The lovely she
 Knows joy, indeed,
 Into the ice-cream dipping.

NOW THE PIGLET
 Does a jiglet
 Because he happy feels,
 Proud as Hamlet
 Is the clamlet—
 Look out for PUCK ON WHEELS!

NOW THE TALLY
 Ho doth sally
 From the Brunswick forth,
 And its cargo,
 Ere they far go
 T'ward the breezy North,
 Get their dresses
 And their tresses,
 Horrid damp and wet.
 Heaven's powers
 Will send down showers—
 Thereon you may bet.

HAIL, BLISSFUL JUNE!

COMPOSED AMID THE ARDUOUS DUTIES OF THE FARM.

Hail, blissful June! Hail, blooming day!
 (John, give the bridle cow more hay;)
 Thy fragrance fills the balmy air—
 (And don't forget the dapple mare.)
 Sweet zephyrs through rich woodlands steal,
 (Now, where's that gasted Injun meal;)
 The turf with violets wild is thick—
 (Get out, you brute! Chick! chickey! chick!)
 The moon lists to the lovers' vow,
 (So, bossy, so—confound the cow;)
 Then hideth from the blushing morn—
 (Those cursed hogs are in the corn.)
 The robin sings upon the lea,
 (What's that you say? Come in to tea?)
 The poet pours his heartfelt lay—
 (I'll finish this another day.)

R. O. F.

AMUSEMENTS.

The last nights of Mr. G. H. Jessop's "All at Sea" are announced at the SAN FRANCISCO OPERA HOUSE.

In spite of the alleged immorality of "la Belle Russe," at WALLACK'S THEATRE, it continues to draw large audiences.

At ABBEY'S PARK THEATRE Miss Julia A. Hunt appeared, on Monday last, in "Florinel," a play which is described as a dramatic romance.

If you don't go to see and hear "Squatter Sovereignty," at HARRIGAN & HART'S THEATRE COMIQUE, this week, you may never have another opportunity.

The entire auditorium of the MADISON SQUARE THEATRE is cooled by iced air; but this will not prevent "Esmeralda" being played for a few more million times.

The Double Mammoth Double "Uncle Tom's Cabin," double *Topsy*, double bloodhound, double donkey, double everything is at NIBLO'S GARDEN, with double audiences.

There is no change to report in the programme of the BIJOU OPERA HOUSE, where Selina Dolaro, in "The Lesson in Love" and "The First Night," is still to be seen nightly.

Miss Eugénie Legrand, having finished her engagement at the UNION SQUARE THEATRE, has gone to Philadelphia, where she will play the heroines in "Camille" and "The Lady of Lyons."

The seven palace steamers of the Iron Steamboat Co. will run half-hour trips between Summer showers from Pavilion Pier No. 1, North River, to both piers at Coney Island on Sunday, Monday and Tuesday next.

"The Mascot" pursues its musical lively course along, at the GERMANIA THEATRE, in the presence of large and enthusiastic audiences. Pauline Hall, Dora Wiley, W. T. Carleton, Mlle. Cornalba and a full ballet succeed without much difficulty in making the entertainment the most attractive of its kind. Mr. Sturges is exceedingly clever as *Lorenzo*.

"Old Shipmates," by Mr. Robert G. Morris, is an interesting play, now at HAVERLY'S FOURTEENTH STREET THEATRE. The story is told in a direct manner, and, if there are crudities here and there, they do not detract from the merit of the author's idea. Miss Cayvan's performance is very satisfactory.

A heaving herd of people pressed against the portals of the STANDARD THEATRE on Monday night, for the purpose of protesting against the performance of "Pinafore." But it was useless; the management would do it, the crowd would listen to it, and Misses Randall and Ellsner, and Messrs. H. C. Peakes, J. G. Peakes and Alfred Wilkie aided and abetted them.

LITERARY NOTES.

"Miss Slimmens's Window" is a 25-cent pamphlet published by J. S. Ogilvie & Co. It is by the author of "A Bad Boy's Diary," and, if possible, a worse book than that choice production.

The author of the funny articles in Peck's Milwaukee Sun, George W. Peck, has collected them into a volume of "Sunshine," which Messrs. Belford, Clarke & Co., of Chicago and St. Louis, have published. It is just the book for the season—that is, when the season comes along.

Messrs. T. B. Peterson & Co. are once more to the front with John Stirling's translation of "la Faustin" by Edmond de Goncourt. The book is foul and demoralizing in French, and the translator, in his endeavor to make it proper, has succeeded in making it simply stupid.

After reading "Last Days of Knickerbocker Life in

New York," by the late Abram C. Dayton, we have arrived at the conclusion that the Knickerbocker breed of citizens has so greatly degenerated as to make us almost doubt if it exists at all. Mr. Dayton pictures the Knickerbockers of his day as quiet, unpretentious, hospitable, honorable, but neither particularly brilliant nor intellectual. We cannot say as much for the commonplace persons who now call themselves Knickerbockers. Some of them are rich; but they are neither quiet nor unpretentious, and very much cannot be said for their intellectual attainments or their patriotism. The present Knickerbockers are probably descendants of the domestic servants or laborers of originals, if we may judge by the lofty airs they assume whenever opportunity offers. George W. Harlan is the publisher.

Mr. James E. Taylor has just completed a spirited picture in water-colors for General Sherman. It ornaments the Army Department at Washington. Its dimensions are 24x28, and the subject is "Crossing of the Big Black River." This feat was accomplished at night by General Frank Blair's corps, during the march upon Vicksburg, May 27th, 1863. General Grant and General Sherman are on a log, like the famed "expiring frog," watching the passing regiments, and the scene is illuminated by the lurid glare of bonfires. The work forms a companion picture to "The Review of the Army of the Potomac" in Washington, at the close of the war. Mr. Taylor has few equals in the portrayal of military and Indian subjects, and does excellent work for Messrs. Keppler & Schwarzmann, the proprietors of PUCK and "Um die Welt," the only German illustrated paper published in this country.

A DOG SCHEME.

"What yer goin' ter do wid dat dog?" inquired a gamin of a companion who was literally hauling a yellow dog along the street by a hay-rope.

"I'm a-goin' ter take him home."

"He can't kill rats," protested the first: "A good-sized rat would lick him in less 'n no time."

"He ain't a-goin' ter kill no rats."

"Well," said the first boy: "he won't catch anything but bones."

"We ain't a-usin' him for a watch-dog."

"Then what are yer goin' ter do wid him?"

"Why, we're-a-goin' to save him up wid the rest we've got in the cellar; and as soon as the pound's open they'll fetch fifty cents each."

He was allowed to bear the dog off without further interruption.

REJECTED ADDRESSES.

[NEW SERIES.]

HE TRIES AGAIN.

120 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY,

April 27th, 1882.

To the Editor of PUCK—Sir:

I'm sorry, for your sake; 'pon my soul I am! But I cannot harness those last two "jems" of verses in any other gear that will not utterly demoralize them—not to speak of causing my intellect to totter and "unthrone my peace forever." It occurs to me that they should have the benefit of that "poetic license" we hear so much about. *Entre nous*, the young woman who inspired these verses thinks they are the finest verses that ever ran under a poet's pen—Walt Whitman's not excepted.

Beware how you smother a rising genius by hypercriticism! Look to it!

CYRIL BYRD.

INCOGNITA.

Like a sweet thought cut in stone,
 Her face and her eyes a thrill!

A snare for the hearts of all,
 By a witchery of their own!

Is she gifted, or serpent wise?

Such charms unto her belong

To dazzle the sons of song

With her deep, magnetic eyes!

Cleopatra it is, or Circé—

Or the strange Italian maid,

Sweet Cenci, here portrayed—

Or a nut of love and mercy?

Nay, none of these I'm after;

Bewildered do I wander!

Ah! she of whom I ponder

Is the Queen of love and laughter.

Bah! take the "job lot" at half price.

IN PREPARATION:

PUCK ON WHEELS

CONKLING.—A CONCEIT.

AFTER PUCK.

If Conk. 's a mule,
 And mules are donks,
 The donk itself a mule,
 Why mules are donks,
 The donk 's a mule—
 And Conk. must be
 All three.
 "Don' yer see?"

ANOTHER CONCEIT.

"Jack and Jill went up the hill,"
 To get a quart of brandy;
 "Jack fell down and broke his crown,"
 On 's head Jill took a standee.
 If Jack was Jill,
 And gill a quart,
 A quart itself a gill,
 Why a quart 's a gill,
 The gill a quart—
 *A—Jack fills he
 All three.
 "Don' yer see?"

Elm City.

Answers for the Anxious.

HASLTINE.—She was decorated.

J. M. PARKER.—We looks towards you.

SCRUTATOR.—You had better go and scrutate somewhere else. We are doing our own scrutatin at present; and your assistance is of a supererogatory subsequency.

MOSHOWAY, JR.—Your "idea for a cartoon" is no good, considered as an idea for a cartoon. But we have sold it to an optician, who thinks it will make a good object for the mosaic end of a kaleidoscope. Don't be discouraged; it is not often that the bold amateur's sketches can be put to such a practical use.

A FEUCLOTHES.—Your question is of interest to the community: "What will prevent pantaloons from bulging at the knees?" There is no certain way of preventing the formation of bulbous vacuities over the knee-pan, unless you wear knee-breeches. Relief has been found in encasing the knees in sections of stove-pipe; but the obvious disadvantages of this scheme have interfered with its popularity.

KATIE.—"Will you please publish a good receipt for griddle-cakes? As I am only a young house-keeper, I don't make very good ones." That is your question. But it won't do. No, Katie, it won't do. You are not a young house-keeper. You are not a house-keeper at all. You haven't quite got him yet. If you had had any experience whatever in house-keeping, you would not profane the soft sweetness of the young June by asking for receipts for griddle-cakes. It won't do, Katie; you haven't got out of the soda-water period yet. If you want the latest spring quotations for ice-cream or the early summer rates for strawberries, we will give them to you; but don't come down on us for griddle-cake receipts which you will retail at second-hand to the boys, to give them an idea that you are a good house-keeper.

ALAMODE.—No, we can't tell you how to preserve strawberries; but we can give you a general idea of the way in which we preserved your poem. We soaked it down in a wicker basket, along with a lot of bad jokes, and when it was sufficiently pickled, the porter came along and dumped it into a bag, along with the rest of the songs of Spring, and toted it around to Ann Street, where a financial transaction on a commercial basis took place, which terminated in the transfer of the ownership to the man to whom most of the paper collars in this country owe their existence. There may not be much of a literary immortality for that poem of yours, dear Alamide; but we have at least taken steps to keep it forever out of the profaning hands of the encroaching Mongolian in the laundry business.

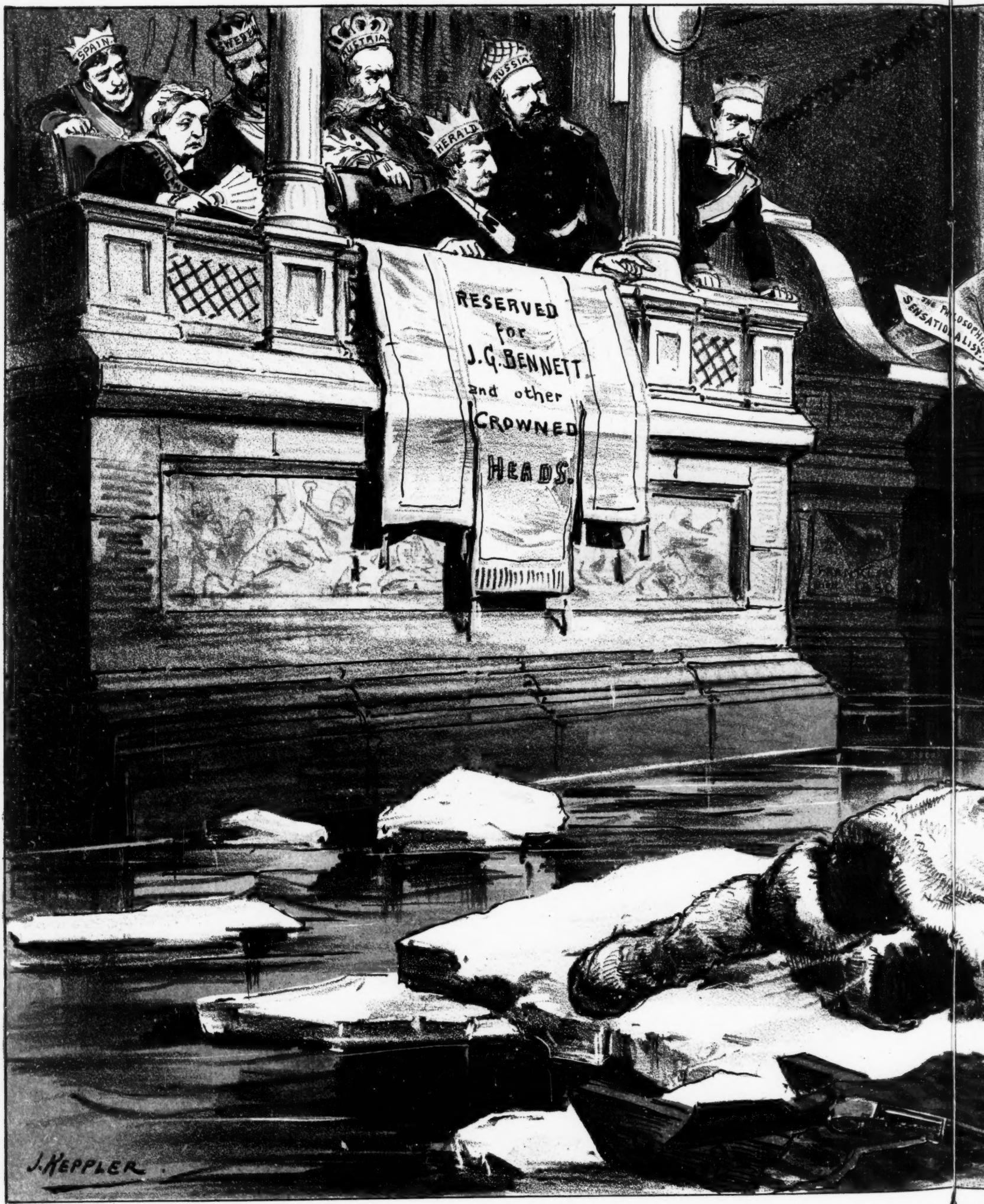
DOUGLAS LINDSAY.—You ask "will you kindly oblige an aspiring poet and an admirer by giving the following a space in your dear sweet paper?" We will, Mr. Lindsay. Here it is:

"Two lovers sat
 Beneath a tree;
 The one was fat,
 The other free
 From fat."

There you are obliged, Mr. Lindsay. Now will you oblige us by telling us what it is? It certainly is not humorous. We don't see where the pathos comes in. We might, of course, put a head on it and call it "Morituri Salutamus"; but, somehow, that doesn't seem appropriate. It is a wild, weird, fleshy idiocy, for its size; and we will place it in our collection of curiosities as soon as you can send us a label to put on it.

*Apple-jack.

PUCI



SCIENCE, OR SPORT?—A MODERN SPE



A SPECTACLE AFTER AN OLD MODEL.

FAR GONE!

The following piece of poetry found its way into our office last week:

TO FRED.

My lover is sweet and true—
Tender and languid and true—
With changeful eyes from black to blue;
He is so lofty and so kind—
So patronizingly kind—
With a coach and four you must bear in mind.

He has ringlets of auburn hair—
Beautiful sun-kissed hair—
Clustering over his forehead fair;
He has a winning smile—
A strange and thrilling smile—
And a sporting suit in the latest style.

Ah! then his warm, sweet kiss—
His stirring rapturous kiss—
Delirious joy and passionate bliss;
Swaying the sense with his breath—
With his daintily perfumed breath—
For such "West End" you would go to your death.

Then he has a snow-white hand—
A tender and tapering hand—
Which has never been browned in this toilsome land;
And then his diamond ring—
His dazzling, big set ring—
Which he says would a fortune bring.

And, too, he has horses fine—
Blooded and gay and fine—
Beating even the fastest time;
And he drives with a silken line—
A mottled and gaudy line—
And goes to Delmonico's for his wine.

Indeed he is utter quite—
Artistic and splendid quite—
Swearing by wrong and right;
And he makes verses, too—
Intricate rhymes not a few—
Æsthetic, of course, like the Wild(e) "bas bleu."

MAMIE.

This appears to be a peculiarly sad case. Our sympathies are with the young lady. A girl who has such an excruciating nice young man on her hands can have no peace of mind unless she keeps him wrapped up in cotton-wool—and then he ought to be moistened every half-hour with tepid water, to prevent his losing his freshness.

Yes, it is a terrible thing for a girl to yield up the wealth of her young affections to a languid Piccadilly of this sort. We know your lover, Mamie. You don't mention it in the poem; but he wears tooth-pick shoes and a green Derby and skin-tight clothes. He carries his cane with the head down, and tries to walk as if he felt aristocracy getting into his joints and making them stiff.

We are sorry to learn, however, that his eyes are in the habit of changing from black to blue. Ecchymosis of the ocular is a bad thing. It is a disease prevalent in the Union Club and Mr. Owney Geoghegan's palatial resort, and other places of the sort; but it is not the sort of ailment that gentlemen ought to cultivate. Yet we have observed that it is apt to break out on young men who make a specialty of captivating the affections of your sex, Mamie; and we fear that your Freddy may some day break up all the auroral-tinted romance of your young dream of love by calling upon you with an oyster or a quarter-section of beef-steak tied over one of his "changeable eyes."

We are glad to see that you make the best of the painful fact that Freddy is red-haired. It is hard to combine affection and red hair. We knew a red-haired girl once, and it used to cost us a sinking fund in caramels every time we called her attention to the beauty of the sunset, or tried to light our cigar at her sun-kissed tresses.

It is very nice, Mamie, to know that Freddy can kiss in that sweet way. We hope he does not over-tax his system in doing it. You don't mention the nature of the scent with which he

sways your sense; but we are sorry to learn that his habits of diet oblige him to use a disinfectant. Some day he may die of a clove in aromatic pain.

You must take care of that Freddy, Mamie. If you lost him you could never get another like him; and you might be forced to take up with a real man.

FREE LUNCH.

JUST A DROP TOO MUCH—The hangman's.

IT IS POSITIVELY ASSERTED that the peach crop along the Hudson will be a failure; but there are no misgivings about the Jersey mosquito crop.

NO MAN can properly appreciate the difficulty attendant upon working a set of spiral studs into a shirt that opens in front until he has tried it once—just once.

LADIES AS A CLASS are very proud; yet they will admit their husbands to be frequently tight, and never acknowledge the same state of affairs in regard to their shoes.

THERE IS NO ACTOR on the stage who can successfully counterfeit the expression of anxiety and suspense which takes possession of a man's features when he is biting a point on a cheap lead-pencil.

IT IS NOW the young man with a new suit of gaudy Summer clothes who makes it a point to ride up and down town on the roof of the stage. And yet women are supposed to have the call in matters of vanity.

IT IS RATHER STRANGE that in nine cases out of ten one shoe is almost entirely worn out before the other commences to go. If shoes would only wear out simultaneously like a pair of suspenders, they would give much more satisfaction to the square inch.

NOT DEAD, BUT SLEEPING.



Do Not Disturb Him.

FITZNOODLE IN AMERICA.

No. CCXXVI.

THE SEASON.



Ya-as, now that my mind is comparatively at ease, as I have wesigned fwom the club that had become such a cadish and disreputable organization, I have been able to bwing my bwain to be-ah upon aw othah things of gweatah or lessah interwest.

There has been a considerable amount of horible weathah, which has now apparently undergone a change faw the bettah.

The aw pwincipal luminary, the sun, ye know, has dwopped a few torwid ways on this wegeion, and has had the effect of making mattah look bwightah faw countwy twips and pwoective west durwing the Summah.

Not that I have been especially worwy myself with exertion and occupation durwing the Wintah, but a change is necessarwy and desirwable; and dinnah parties and weceptions and the twemendous numbah of othah kindwed affai-ahs become verwy twoublesome—indeed, tiresome and unendurwable—verwy much maw so than in London, naturwally, faw the weason that society in New York is in such a painfully unsatisfactory condition.

As these conventional and pwetended enjoyments are ovah, the inevitable and invarwiwle Summah discussion has already commenced.

Mrs. Fitznoodle's ide-ahs on the subject are wathah vague, and there is now gweatah diffculty in arguing the point, because the young-stah is aw quite stwong, and there is no particulah weason why any special weigion or wesort should be chosen to suit his temperwament.

I called to my councils Jack Carnegie, who pwoposed Eurwope; but Mrs. Fitznoodle was not wesponsive to the suggestion. Eurwope, howevah, would be ageweable to me, faw I have a pwodigious numbah of social debts to wepay there. Wales, the Pwince, ye know, must be almost wearwy of asking me to pay him a visit of two or thrwe months at Sandwingham; and the Princess Alexandra wote to my wife expwessing her acute chagwin and disappointment at our remaining in Amerwica so persistently. Even Edinburrough and his Wussian wife, with whom I have aw nevah been upon particularly fwriendly terms, telegwaphs to me verwy fwquently to come ovah and wemain faw severwal months in Wussia, or in some distwict in Gweat Bwitain.

I have, I may say, almost offended Salisburwy by having pwactically ignorwed wepeated invitatioms faw my wife and myself to take up our wesidence at Hatfield faw an unlimited perwid. Deuced polite and handsome on Salisburwy's part, ye know.

I venchah to give expwession to the hope that befaw the supply of calorwic in the atmosphere becomes much gweatah, Mrs. Fitznoodle and myself will have wesolved on some plan of pwocedure in the mattah of Summah twavel and wepose aw.

HE WAS A LONG-HEADED MAN who recently conceived the idea of taking a blacking-brush and bombarding his Derby like a pair of shoes when it began to get white. Previous to this discovery the belt was worn by the individual who introduced to the world the scheme of resorting to ink and an old tooth-brush.

REJECTED ARTICLES PUCK ne'er returns:
In Spring he tears them, and in Winter burns.

ALAS, POOR MUDGITT.

Young Mr. Mudgitt has often been in love, but has never been fortunate—or unfortunate—enough to find a damsel who would freely admit that she reciprocated. He has wandered with her along the lone seashore, when the pulsing waves sobbed sadly on the sand and the heavens were radiant with the white flowers of night. He has walked with her through sleepy woodlands, rich with the amorous fragrance of Summer. He has taken her to the theatre in carriage and in horse-car. He has sent her flowers and caramels. He has squeezed his feet out of shape in tight boots to please her fastidious eye. In short, he has gone through every style of suffering to win her affection, but without avail.

He thought perhaps she liked him and yearned for his society, and found music in his voice and sunshine in his smile, but that her parents might be opposed to him. So he concluded his only hope was to make a conquest of them.

Acting on this, he invited the old lady to go to church, and she accepted and had him take her every Sunday—a privilege which he claimed to enjoy very much. She thought it was a splendid thing. So did Mignonette. For while Mudgitt was at church with the old lady, the daughter was entertaining another young man whom her worshipful admirer wist not of to any great extent.

Then he used to send the old lady all the religious papers every week, and she liked them very much. So did Mignonette. The old lady used to read the kitchen department, wherein she was told how to make a good rice-pudding out of condemned biscuits and how to raise bread without wrapping the dough up in an old table-cloth and placing it on a chair near the stove, as though it would take cold if it had a fair chance.

And Mignonette would open the papers out, spread them on the floor, thank her stars they were so large, and cut patterns of all sorts of garments out of them.

Mudgitt felt that he was getting along finely with Mignonette's mother, while he marveled how he was to make a conquest of the father, who appeared to be opposed to him.

One day he saw the old man enter a sample-room. This would be a fine chance, he thought, to capture his hoped-for father-in-law wantoning with the fell-destroyer; so he stole softly in and called for some whiskey, at the same time clapping the old man on the back and saying:

"What will you have?"

"Nothing; I never drink—I came in here for a sandwich," and he looked upon his daughter's chief adorer with an awful frown.

Then Mudgitt offered him tickets for a variety show, which was enlivened by a number of alleged imported blondes; but the old man, notwithstanding his advanced state of bald-headedness, positively refused to accept them under any circumstances.

Only a few days later, when he came to the conclusion that Mignonette's father did not cotton to him very strongly, he also made the unpleasant discovery that the mother and daughter must be a little opposed to him; for, on entering the mansion, he saw a bangle he had given Mignonette acting the rôle of collar on a diminutive black-and-tan that trembled as though suffering from chills, while its eyes stood out so far that you could knock them off with a stick or hang things on them.

Besides, he saw a hand dangling from a hook, tied in one of the religious papers he had presented to Mignonette's mother. It seemed as though it was all up with him, even after he had been regaled with the little 11.30 P. M. kiss at the front door. He knew he would have to try some new scheme if he would make a con-

OUR SYSTEM OF TAXATION.



THE FARMER.



THE CAPITALIST.

quest of the airy-fairy maiden. On the following day, by the merest accident, he noticed the following paragraph in the *Boston Courier*:

CHOCTAW COURTSHIP.

There are still two thousand of the Choctaws living in their ancestral homes in Mississippi, and, on the authority of Mr. H. S. Halbert, they retain in all their pristine vigor most of the usages of their ancestors. Among these the methods employed in conducting a courtship and performing a marriage are curious. When a young Choctaw, of Kemper or Neshoba County, sees a maiden who pleases his fancy, he watches his opportunity until he finds her alone. He then advances within a short distance and gently lets fall a pebble at her feet; he may have to do this two or three times before he attracts the maiden's attention, when, if this pebble throwing is agreeable, she soon makes it manifest; if otherwise, a scornful look and a decided "ekwah" indicates that his suit is in vain. Sometimes, instead of throwing pebbles, the suitor enters the maiden's cabin and lays his hat upon her couch. If the man's suit be acceptable, the hat is permitted to remain; but if she be unwilling to be his bride, it is instantly removed. Whichever method be employed, the rejected suitor knows that it is useless to press his suit, and beats as graceful a retreat as possible.

On the following day Mudgitt rigged himself up in his best clothes and Sunday cane, and just as the crepuscular amethyst began to get in its work, entered at the postern gate of the garden.

"It is here," he soliloquized: "that the Countess dreams the balmy hours away. I must now screen myself in the shade of the Rose of Sharon hard by and bombard the little Mascotte on the Choctaw plan. At her feet sleeps a sleek hound, and she looks as though a falcon would love to roost upon her wrist. Ah, she turns the best side of her face to me, and it looks like a bushel of peaches, because it is so full of pits—no chromos. The other side beat the varioloid by being so badly scalded that it looks like one of Scribner's maps of the moon. But what does she? Does she toy with the ribboned pearl handle of a Turkish lute? Not much! She is making a brown worsted dog, and she is rigging green ears—but she looks up, so here goes."

From behind the Rose of Sharon he tossed a pebble. It struck the dog and bounced off. He then threw a second one. Again did it bound off the dog into the grass.

"It is the first time I ever succeeded in hitting a dog with a stone, and I have often tried hard."

A third pebble struck the dog and bounded in her lap.

"Some horrid boy with a bean-shooter," she said, angrily, as she examined the blue eye and looked fondly upon the red tail of the worsted quadruped she was making.

"She doesn't seem to smile on the pebble or me. I'll now toss a larger stone, and see if there is any health in the Choctaw method."

Thereupon he threw a stone about the size of the free-lunch fish-ball known as the solitaire, because no man will eat more than one.

Strange as it may seem, that stone almost paralyzed the dog, for he jumped up and delivered a kiyi that loosened his teeth and cut the air like a knife. In his hurry to escape he jumped into a currant-bush and hauled it out by the roots, and dove through the kitchen door, while Mignonette looked wildly around to ascertain the cause of his discomfiture and flight.

He then tossed another pebble, which she didn't see; and, in a fit of ineffable despair, rolled a somewhat larger stone. This time it attracted her notice and moved her. As he saw the stone hit both of her feet at once he murmured:

"A carom on St. Louis and Chicago," and fled unobserved down the path and made his exit.

"It now only remains to test the virtue of the hat trick."

So the next day he went and borrowed a high hat from a friend—a tile that shone like patent leather and was beautiful to look upon, for he thought a handsome hat would be more likely to evoke the mellifluous smile his soul yearned and hungered for. It was a hat that his friend only wore at funerals, and he was requested to be very careful with it.

He went up to the house the next afternoon, intending to walk into the parlor and throw the hat on the sofa, and see if Mignonette would smile. He entered the parlor, threw the hat on the sofa and waited for his enslaver to enter like Aurora on her golden horse-car.

In a moment the hat began to move like a lily on a rippled lake; and when he raised the curtain and let in light, he found Mignonette's mother sound asleep on the sofa, the hat rising and falling on her breast.

He grabbed the hat and went into the dining

room, and threw it down on a lounge. This room was darkened also.

Finally, a female figure entered, looked on the hat and smiled.

"She is mine now," he said, softly: "and the Choctaw system of fathoming the subtle nature of lovely woman is a system reeking with health."

"Sure that don't look like the plug Dennis generally do wear, I don't know!" exclaimed the cook.

"Is Miss Snediker in?" inquired the disappointed suitor in subdued tones.

"She do be out in the garden, so she do, sur, down in the garden beyant."

Mudgitt donned the funeral hat and departed.

He approached her unobserved. She was swinging in a hammock between two shade-trees, reading "Krik's Guide to the Turf for 1882." They were all alone in the garden, and the garden was full of butterflies and flowers, while the very air throbbed with halcyon dreams.

You all know how pleasant it is to read lying down. You get flat on your back and hold the book up in front of your face with both hands. Then you turn on your side and hold the book out from you until your arms feel as though they are about to jump right out of you.

Then you take a breathing spell, and figure on different things, including your salary. Then you stand the book up on your chest; but when you get near the bottom of the page it hurts your eyes so that you hold it out at full length in one hand and then lay the book on your chest, open with the pages down, and wonder what you have been reading about, and calculate the wear and tear on the binding from bending the covers over.

It was so with Mignonette. She could not read any more about the performances of Luke Blackburn and Hindoo, and just then her slipper dropped off and landed on the ground. She tried to pick it up on her foot, but, alas, she couldn't. It is the old, old story—her foot was larger than the slipper. So she got out to secure it.

In an instant Mudgitt shot from behind the redolent syringa and deposited the funeral hat in the hammock, and watched anxiously to see her smile.

And the next instant she flung herself backward into the hammock, and a wild *frou frou* of crackling funeral hat stole out upon the vagrant zephyr, and Mignonette jumped as from a hornet's nest, and Mudgitt saw that tile flattened out until it looked like a circular saw without teeth, and heard the girl yell:

"Oh, a man—a man—has seen my foot!"

And well she might have felt mortified, for her foot was a number twelve.

And Mudgitt fled, like the robin in October, and purchased his friend a new funeral hat. He has given up trying to win the affections of Mignonette. And if you wish to have a little fun, just ask him his opinion of the Choctaw method of corraling a girl's undying love.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

"Is it not beautiful, sweetheart?"

"What?" asked George W. Simpson, looking tenderly into the deep blue eyes of Daphne McCarthy as they were raised to his, and glancing around in a nervous, steer-caught-in-the-corn way.

"Why, the sweet perfume that is being wafted to us on the June air," said the girl, shifting her chewing-gum as she spoke: "Do you not feel the sensuous languor that is all about us—the subtle perfume that seems to have kissed the air with dewy fragrance?"

The wistful, fear-haunted look came again into the man's face. He sniffed the air in several directions, and there came upon the perfect features of his Wabash Avenue face a smile of calm content.

"Yes, darling," he said, bending over the girl: "I tumble now."

"And what is this perfume, George?" the girl asked: "Can you not tell me, darling?"

"You bet I can, my angel," replied George, speaking in tones of passionate tenderness: "They are going to have corned beef for supper in the next house."—*Chicago Tribune*.

STEELE MACKAYE has invented an orchestra chair which folds up at a touch and disappears, leaving the audience room an open, unobstructed space. This invention will be especially useful in towns where the audiences do not know when the play is ended. The disappearance of the seats down through the floor will be the signal for them to jump up and leave. Then the manager can display a sign that says "standing room only," and telegraph the fact to the next town.—*N. O. Picayune*.

BABY'S PETITION.

Life is restless, days are fleeting,
Children bloom, but die in teething;
Warning take, all friends and mothers,
Watch the precious girls and brothers;
Read the home life of Victoria,
Children nine, all had CASTORIA;
No sleepless nights, by baby squalling,
Like larks they rise in early morning.

Old friends are best. Swayne's Ointment is the old friend of those suffering from Skin Diseases.

ROSS'S ROYAL BELFAST GINGER ALE.
Sole Manufactory: Belfast, Ireland.

In Preparation:
PUCK ON WHEELS NO. III.

IMPORTANT TRADE-MARK CASE IN SAN FRANCISCO.—Two suits brought by Messrs. Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons, as Sole manufacturers of the celebrated "Angostura Bitters," against E. G. Lyons & Co. (Manufacturers), and Wolf & Rheinhold (Importers), in the Superior Court of San Francisco to enjoin the defendants from manufacturing or selling an article purporting to be "Angostura Bitters," have been finally decided in the Messrs. Siegert's favor by the granting of perpetual injunctions. The above mentioned injunctions are in harmony with the judgements rendered in the cases *vs.* Wiedenburg, in London, England, *vs.* Meinhard *et al*, in Philadelphia, *vs.* Theller, in New York, and other cases over all the United States and Canada, the fact being that the Messrs. Siegert's Trade-mark rights have invariably been sustained by the Courts wherever tested, while still other suits are pending against unscrupulous persons who persist in the use of the words "Angostura Bitters" to palm off on the public, under that name, spurious compounds which are all more or less injurious to health and which, of course, injure the reputation of the genuine article if the fraud is not exposed without much delay.

PATENT COVERS FOR FILING PUCK.

They are simple, strong and easily used. Preserve the papers perfectly, as no holes are punched through them. Will always lie open, even when full. Allow any paper on file to be taken off without disturbing the rest. Price \$1.00. By mail to any part of the United States or Canada, \$1.25.

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Sold by all Druggists at 25 cents and \$1.00 a bottle.
Wm. H. READ, Baltimore & Light Sts., Baltimore, Md.



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**REMEMBER,
FRED'K BROWN'S.**

The primary effects of this valuable preparation are experienced in its gentle stimulative influence in the stomach, and from thence diffusing itself through the whole system.

It is excellent in all NERVOUS and HYPOCHONDRIACAL AFFECTIONS, some of the most evident of which are an oppression or sense of weight, and flatulency, succeeded by nervous headache, giddiness, etc. These it removes by acting on the stomach as a gentle stimulus, diffusing a mild and cordial warmth, gradually exhilarating the nerves, and giving tone to the digestive organs.

It is also useful in CHRONIC RHEUMATISM, LUMBAGO, etc., as an external application to the parts affected.

In FLATULENCY, or WANT OF TONE IN THE STOMACH, half a teaspoon-full may be taken twice or three times a day, before meals, in sugar and water, and when the stomach feels oppressed after eating, or distended by flatulency, about 20 or 30 drops of the essence in a wine-glass of water or wine, invigorates and assists digestion. It is excellent in SEA-SICKNESS, in restoring the tone of the stomach.

Price, 50 Cts. per Bottle.

Prepared and Sold at FREDERICK BROWN'S DRUG AND CHEMICAL STORE, N. E. corner of Chestnut and Fifth Streets, Philadelphia.

Sold by all Druggists, Grocers and Dealers Everywhere.

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SPENCERIAN STEEL PENS.

AFTER INFORMATION.

"CAN you tell me the direction to Court Street?" asked a tall, thin individual, walking up to a gentleman in front of the City Hall.

"Right over there," said the gentleman, pointing to the Low Building.

"Thank you," said the tall party: "You are quite sure that is the street?"

"Certainly. Right over there." And again the gentleman pointed to the Low Building.

"You have lived in this place a long time, I suppose?" said the tall party.

"Yes; some twenty years," said the gentleman.

"Then there is not much danger of your being mistaken in the street?"

"No, of course not," said the gentleman, half turning to move away.

"No, I suppose not. By the way, there is but one Court Street in your city; you are sure of that?" said the tall party.

"To be sure; only one—over there. Come, I can't spend all day talking to you," said the gentleman.

"There are no North, South, East or West Court Streets; you are quite sure?"

"That is the only Court Street in the city, and I've had about enough of your questioning," said the gentleman, making another attempt to get away.

"See here, wait a minute," said the tall party: "You couldn't tell me how long Court Street is, could you?"

"No."

"About how many blocks make a mile on Court Street?" asked the tall party.

"Don't know," said the gentleman, again turning to leave.

"How do the numbers run?"

"What number do you want?" asked the gentleman.

"Well, I don't want any number on Court Street. I'm just going to 400 Fulton Street."

"Well, what in thunder have you kept asking me about Court Street for?"

"Well, you see, I thought I'd just commence kinder general, and come around to the street I wanted by regular sure stages, as it were."

"Where are you from?" asked the gentleman.

"I'm a New Haven lawyer, sir, and—"

"That settles it," said the gentleman, turning on his heel and rushing off.—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

ROSE TERRY COOKE is her own namesake. That is, in her home at Winsted, Connecticut, she can cook as good dinners as she can write charming poems and delightful stories. If her sauces equal her stories, she has never aggravated or caused a case of dyspepsia. It must be a great boom to be able to write a poem with one hand and compose a nocturne in brown gravy with the other.—*Hawkeye*.

"THEY tell me Brown has a great ear for music," said Fenderson.

"Yes," replied Fogg: "I knew he had a great ear—two of them, in fact; but I did not know that they were for music. I supposed they were for brushing flies off the top of his head!"—*Boston Transcript*.

TERRIBLE LOSS OF LIFE.

Millions of rats, mice, cats, bed-bugs, roaches, lose their lives by collision with "Rough on Rats." Sold by all druggists, 15c.

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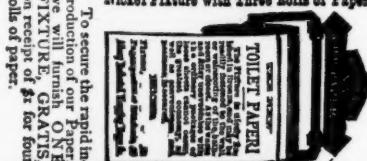


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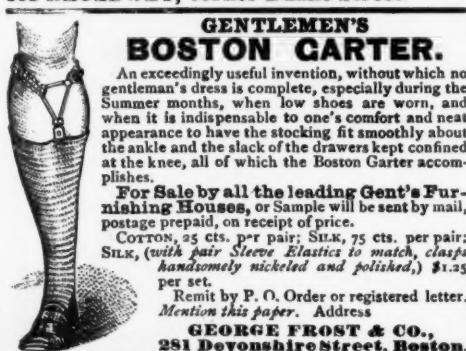
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JOHNNIE's critique on the kangaroo: "The kangrew ain't much ov a recommend for the factory which made him, or maybe he knu in himself wen the riginal diagram was in the safe, and rakin up such organs az wuz lef over he made his ownself. He looks in the face like a shaller goose, and wen you see him walkin on his narrativ you don't blame nachur for givin that expression. His legs mus been made in dif'rent moles, cause the last ones iz long az a torchlite perceshin, but the front ones haz got too much shortnin in. Sum kangrews haz there cloze made so tha kin carry thare familys round in thare overskirts, but if i wuz a boy kangrew ide rather paddle mone kanew. Kangrews wares mustaches like cats, but a jackass kin give 'em a yard start on the ear question an' beet em like sicksty. Ef I had ter be a kangrew ide hav mi tale sawd off close an' mend my arms with it so I could reech the bottom of thier preserves."—*Rome Sentinel*.

EVEN plumbers come to grief sometimes, as is shown by the advertised "mortgagee's sale of plumbers' materials." It is probable that this unfortunate autocrat came to grief by too excessive indulgence at the Stock Exchange, which is mightier even than the mighty plumber himself. The list of articles to be sold ends with the suggestive abbreviations, "etc., etc.,," which of course refer to the silver, gold, diamonds and such like plunder stored in his treasure bins.—*Boston Transcript*.

A VESSEL loaded with ice anchored in the Delaware the other night, and a shiver ran down the backs of all the inhabitants of that state for fear the captain had left the hatches off so as to allow the cold air to escape and freeze the peach crop.—*Phil. Kronikle-Herald*.

"I HEAR Mr. Griffin has the pneumonia," said Mrs. Budd, who was calling on Mrs. Potts.

"Well, I don't believe it," retorted Mrs. Potts: "he's too mean. If he has any monia at all, it's an old or a second-hand one."—*Rockland Courier-Gazette*.

THE manager of a Bombay theatre proposes to visit America with a native troupe and give performances in the Hindostanee tongue. The Chicago *Inter-Ocean* is sure this is in revenge for Joseph Cook's recent trip to Hindostan.—*Com. Advertiser*.

DR. BLISS is going to Europe. He will doubtless start for Russia and hang around within calling distance of the Czar.—*Lovell Citizen*.

Thousands of ladies have found sudden relief by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Send to Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, 233 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass., for pamphlets.

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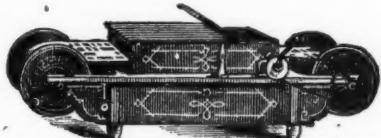
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'Tis now the rural maid
Wields a spade
In the garden
In her airy Dolly Varden;
And her jolly little brother,
All the day,
Doth with rapture naught can smother
Hookey play;
And within the breezy woodland,
Cool and dim,
He doth seek the fish-pond lonely
For a swim;
And his mother hard doth scold
When he gets an awful cold;
And the teacher grabs him quick,
And he makes him pretty sick
When he gives him many a lick
With a tough and pliant stick—
And no more he'll hookey play
For many a day.

—Drake's Traveller's Magazine.

It is true that the young man in tight pantaloons looks like a hairpin with a thimble atop of the arch. It is true that his nether limbs resemble a couple of exclamation points. But what of that? Is he not happy? —Boston Transcript.

PITTSFORD, MASS., Sept. 28, 1882.

SIRS:—I have taken Hop Bitters and recommended them to others, as I found them very beneficial. Mrs. J. W. TULLER,
Sec'y Women's Christian Temperance Union.

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Not a Wire Brush but Pure Bristles.

IT IS WARRANTED TO CURE
Nervous Headache in 5 Minutes! Bilious Headache
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Diseases of the Scalp! Prevent Falling Hair and
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Will positively produce
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[From
Rev. Dr.
Bridgeman.]

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WE CAN REFER TO 860,000 WHO WILL TESTIFY IN THEIR FAVOR.

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Under Fifth Ave. Hotel.
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STYLES ARE CORRECT!!

Agents for the sale of these remarkable **HATS** can be found in every city in the U. S.
All Hats manufactured by this house are the recognized standard of excellence throughout the world. None genuine without the trademark.



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BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS.
An excellent appetizing tonic of exquisite flavor, now used over the whole world, cures Dyspepsia, Diarrhea, Fever and Ague, and all disorders of the Digestive Organs. A few drops impart a delicious flavor to a glass of champagne, and to all summer drinks. Try it, but beware of counterfeits. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, manufactured by DR. J. G. B. SIEGERT & SONS.

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Dietrich & Co., Ruedesheim, Rhine Wines.
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Patent Lightning
Bottle Stoppers

ALSO
Lager Beer, Weiss Beer, Soda and
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Best quality. Special attention paid to orders
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ENGLISH HATS,
"Martin's" Umbrellas.
"DENTS" GLOVES.
Foreign Novelties.

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COME not when I am dead,
To gobble up the flowers on my grave,
To trample round my fallen head,
And vex the unhappy dust thou once didst
brave;
There let the wind sweep and the plover cry:
Old cow, go by!

Cow, if it were thine error or thy crime,
I care no longer, being all unblest;
Rob whom thou wilt, but I am sick of time—
Give me a rest.
Pass on, old cow, and leave me where I lie;
Go by, go by! —Ex.

Now MR. WARNER, of Rochester, offers to give three prizes: one for the discovery of comets and two for meteoric stones seen to fall the present year. If he were to aid science in a practical manner by offering a prize to the person who saw the most wonderful astronomical display in the twinkling of an eye, as it were, the heavy-weight who steps upon an orphaned and homeless banana rind would scoop in his money as if by magic.—Norristown Herald.

It is not considered good form to ask a young gentleman with a fob ribbon if he is aware that the end of his suspender is hanging below his vest.—Boston Transcript.

If you have any skin diseases or diseases of the hair or scalp, any itching or discolorations, sun burns, freckles, pimples, rough or dry harsh skin, you have in Dr. C. W. Benson's Skin Cure a sure, perfect and elegant remedy. Sold by all druggists.

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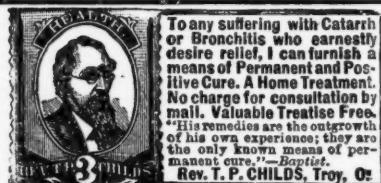
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Lace Cap, trimmed with Ribbon, etc., \$1.25.

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AT THE CLUB: "I say, Gus, old boy, I haven't seen you about very lately. What have you been up to?"

"Me? Oh, I've been preparing my 'Personal Recollections of Longfellow' for publication."

"Why, I didn't know that you enjoyed his personal acquaintance."

"I didn't. I never knew him. But I have a friend in Cambridge who once sent me the poet's photograph."

"Oh! I predict your book will be a pronounced success."—*New Haven Register*.

Now UNLOOSE the besom of destruction from the leashes of eternity! Let the angels of death and destruction skip around to the far corners of the earth with flame, famine and dire disasters! Let things roll up like a scroll—and put the scroll on file for future reference. Unchain insatiate demons and send cataclysms hurtling through the heavens. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" now makes its appearance as an opera!—*New York Commercial Advertiser*.

"I NEED not ask if you are familiar with the works of Emerson," said a nice young man to a nice young lady.

She said:

"I am not so very familiar; but my little brother has his song-book. Now, do you know I thought Emerson was in California with a minstrel company of his own until I heard he died in Boston the other day."—*N. O. Picayune*.

A NEW contribution basket has just been invented which rings a gong every time a button without an eye or a ten-cent piece with one is dropped into it. The first Sunday it was tried in an Amsterdam church it went off like a Gatling gun the whole round trip.—*Burlington Hawkeye*.

THE late Jesse James quietly resided in Kansas City all last Summer under the name of Andrew Jackson. In this state some of the Democratic organs would have nominated him for the Presidency; but he was punished quite as severely just the same.—*Norristown Herald*.

ALMOST before the Forsythias gild the lawn borders with fringes of gold, and the burning-bush bursts forth into flowers of flame, do the lilac heads of the asparagus proclaim the garden's gustatory resurgam.—*Rochester Express*.

IT is customary for ladies to record their ages in the Biblical family register at least five years younger than they are; for none of their friends would presume to doubt anything found in the Bible.—*Boston Transcript*.

VICTOR HUGO says his intellect "grows stronger with age and does not rest." The gentleman will pardon the remark, but the same thing might be said of old cheese.—*Norristown Herald*.

A TITLED female in barbarous countries cuts her nails but once in five years, and then the occasion is made one of great rejoicing, especially by her husband.—*Lowell Citizen*.

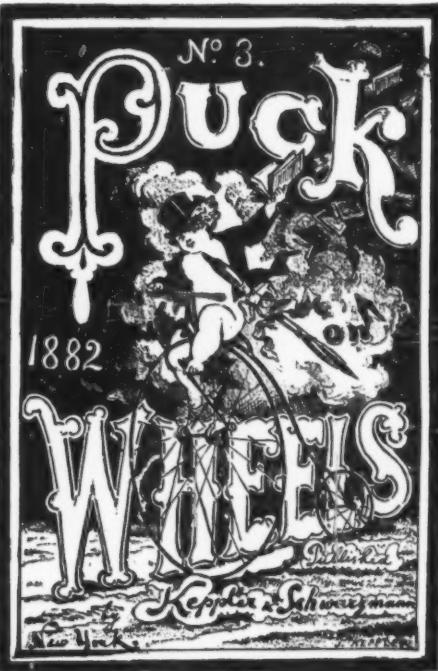
FROM the manner of their playing, one would say that most of the picked base-ball nine were picked before they were ripe.—*Boston Transcript*.

ALL Indian remedies for bringing out new hair will be regarded with distrust by a man who has been once scalped.—*N. O. Picayune*.

THE men with the biggest watch-chains usually have the smallest pocketbooks.—*Philadelphia Kronikle-Herald*.



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NEW MUSICAL WONDER Only
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Elegant, Melodious, Powerful. 16 Notes. Plays
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